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Moeran, Ernest John  
(comp. and arr.)  
Six folk songs from  
Norfolk

M

1740

M75S5







PROFESSIONAL COPY

# SIX FOLK SONGS

FROM

## NORFOLK

COLLECTED & ARRANGED

FOR

VOICE & PIANOFORTE

BY

## E. J. MOERAN



4/- net

AUGENER Ltd.

18 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,

63 CONDUIT STREET (Regent Street Corner) & 57 HIGH STREET, MARYLEBONE,  
LONDON, W. 1.









# SIX FOLK SONGS

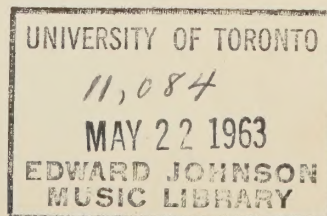
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1740  
M7555

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## PREFACE

These six songs form a small part of a collection I have lately been making in East Norfolk.

The songs were noted from the following sources:

- (1.) DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE.  
Sung by Mr. Harry Cox, Potter Heigham.
- (2.) THE BOLD RICHARD.  
Sung by Mr. James Sutton, Winterton.
- (3.) LONELY WATERS.  
Sung by Mr. Walter Gales and Mr. Robert Miller, Sutton.
- (4.) THE PRESSGANG.  
Sung by Mr. James Sutton, Winterton.
- (5.) THE SHOOTING OF HIS DEAR.  
Sung by Mr. Walter Gales, Sutton,  
and Mr. Harry Cox, Potter Heigham,
- (6.) THE OXFORD SPORTING BLADE.  
Sung by Mr. Robert Miller, Sutton.

My best thanks are due to the above-mentioned singers, and also to Mr. George Lincoln, landlord of the "Windmill," Sutton, for his kind co-operation in providing facility for the noting of the songs.

E. J. MOERAN.

*February, 1924.*



## DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Collected and arranged by  
E. J. Moeran

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

One morn-ing in the—

month of June, down by the riv - er - side, — There I be held — a

bold fish - er — man, come row - ing by — the tide. — Come row - ing by — the

tide — There I be held — a bold fish - er — man, come



row - ing by the tide. He lashed his boat up

*pp*

by the stern, and to his lady went, He took her by the

milk-white hand, for she was his intent. For she was his in -

*mf*

*Red. \**

tent. He took her by the milk-white hand, for

*mp*

*p*

*Red. \**



she was his in - tent. — "I'll take you to — my fa-ther's hall, and

*pp* *f*

Red. \*

there make you — my bride, — Then you will have — a bold fish-er - man, to

row you on — the tide. — To row you on — the tide. — Then you will have — a

*mf* *f* *mf*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

bold fisher-man, to row you on — the tide." —

*mp* *p* *pp* *ppp*

Red. \* Red. \*



## THE BOLD RICHARD

Collected and arranged by  
E.J. Moeran

Allegro non troppo

VOICE

PIANO

Come — all my brisk young

sea-man lads that have a mind to en - ter, On board a Phoebus fri-gate your

pre-cious lives to ven - ture, On board a Phoeb-us fri - gate she's

Rich-ard called by name, And she's cruis-ing with the Shan - non all on the French



main. Sing-ing

*f* *ff* *p*

20. ✱

What Cheer O

*p*

Now we'd not been sail - ing ma - ny leagues be -

fore we did es - py, Three lof - ty sails to



wind-ward they came bear-ing down so nigh, And

two of them were mer-chant - men came bowl-ing from the

west, But the con-voy was a fri-gate that

did sail out of Brest.



Singing What Cheer O Now

*p*

And. ✱

we bore down up - on them with high and lof - ty sails, For broad - side for

broad-side we soon o'er them pre-vailed, When he lashed his helm o' weath - er not

think-ing we could fly, When they found their ship was sink - ing for quar-ter they did



cry Sing-ing What Cheer

*f* *ff* *p*

And. ✱

O Now we launched out our longboats and the

*p*

oth-ers did like - wise, To save all those poor pri-son - ers that

e - ver we came nigh, And those which we sav - - ed they



vow — and — pro — test, — We sunk the fi — nest fri — gate that

did sail out of Brest — Sing-ing What

Cheer O So come all my brisk young

fel-lows now to Kingston we have got, Let — each of a heart-y fel-low drink



out of a heart - y pot, For some un - to their sweet-hearts and

oth - ers to their wives, So we'll sing Hal - le - lu - jah to all

Eng - land my brave boys Sing - ing

What Cheer O.



### III.

## LONELY WATERS

Collected and arranged by  
E. J. Moeran

*Andante con moto*

VOICE

PIANO

*mp*

As I walked out one—

bright May morn-ing For to view the fields and to take the air,— There

I — es - pied — a fair young dam - sel, She ap -



peared to me — like some an - gel bright. —

I said "My dear where

are you a - go - ing, What is the cause — of all your grief, — I'll

make you as hap - py as an - y la - dy, If —



you'll once more grant me relief." "Stand

off stand off you are de - ceit - ful, Stand off you are a de -

*mf*

Red.

ceit - ful man, 'Tis you that have caused my poor

*mp*

Red.

heart to wan - der, And to give me com - fort is all in

*mp*

Red.



vain." Then I'll go down to some

lone - ly wa - ters, Go down where no one they shall me find, Where the

pret - ty lit - tle small birds do change their voi - ces, And—

e - ver - y mo - ment blows blus - ter - ing wild.—

# IV

## THE PRESSGANG

Collected and arranged by  
E. J. Moeran

Allegro

VOICE

As— I walked up— of

PIANO

*f* *p*

Lon - don— street A press-gang there— I did— meet, They asked me if I'd—

join the fleet,— And sail in a man o' war— boys—

Pray bro-ther shipmates tell me— true, What sort of— u - sage



they give you, That I may know be - fore I go, — On board of a man o'

war— boys — Why the sort of u - sage they'll give you Is

plen-ty of grog and bac-ca\_ too, Thats the u - sage they'll give you, — On

board of a man o' war\_ boys — But when I went to my sur - prise

All that they told me was shocking lies, There was a row and a bloody old row, — On

board of a man o' war — boys — The first thing they did — they

took me in hand, They flogged me with a — tar of a strand, They flogged me till I —

could not stand, — On board of a man o' war boys — Now I was married and my

*rall. - - - Meno Allegro*



wife's name was Gray, T'was she that led me to shocking de-lay, T'was she that caused me to

Tempo I

go-a-way, — On board of a man o' war — boys — So when I get my

*p* *cresc.* *f*

*And.* \*

foot on shore, Those I-rish girls to see once more, I'll ne-ver go to sea an-y more,

*ff*

*And.* \*

On board of a man o' war — boys.

*And.* \*

## V

## THE SHOOTING OF HIS DEAR

Collected and arranged by  
E. J. Moeran

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The piano part begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The score is divided into four systems, each with a voice line and a piano line. The lyrics are: 'O come all you young fel-lows that car - ry— your gun, I'd have you get home by the light of— the— sun, For young Jim-my was a fowl - er, and a - fowl - ing a - lone, ——— When he shot— his own true love in the room of a'. The piano part features various chords and melodic lines, including a triplet in the final system. The voice part is a simple melody with some rests.

O come all you young fel-lows that

car - ry— your gun, I'd have you get home by the light of— the—

sun, For young Jim-my was a fowl - er, and a - fowl - ing a -

lone, ——— When he shot— his own true love in the room of a



swan. Then home went young Jim - my with his

dog and his gun, Say - ing Un - cle dear Un - cle have you

*mp*

*Red. \**

heard what I've done? Cur - sed be that old

*mf* *f*

gun - smith That made my old gun. I have

shot my own true love in the room of a swan.—— Then out came bold

Un-cle with his locks hang-ing grey, Say-ing Jim-my dear Jim-my, don't

you go— a - way, Don't you leave your own count - ry till your

tri - al come on,—— For you ne-ver will be hang - ed for— shoot-ing a



swan. — So the tri - al came on and Pret - ty Pol - ly — did ap -

*molto legato*

*Red.* \*

pear, Say - ing Un - cle dear Un - cle let Jim - my — go clear, For my

ap - ron was bound round me and he took me for a swan, — And his poor heart lay

*mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \*

bleed - ing for — Pol - ly his own. —

*poco riten.* *p* *pp* *ppp*

# VI

## THE OXFORD SPORTING BLADE

Collected and arranged by  
E. J. Moeran

**Allegro**

VOICE

PIANO

I

*f* *mp*

am an Ox - ford sport-ing blade like-wise a gal - lant he - ro, — I've

just come down from Lon - don town for to view the hills of Dear Oh —

*mf*

The ve - ry first man I chanced for to meet he

*mp*



was a lord of hon - our, — I did in-sult this no - ble lord all in such ro-guish

man - ner. — I drew my pis - tol to my breast and

did 'nt I make him shiv-er, — Five hun - de-red pounds all

in bright gold to me he did — de - liv - er. —

Be - side the gold a Gen - e - va watch to me he did sur -

ren - der, And I thought it was a splen - did prize the

ve - ry first time I did ven - ture. ——— I

*f* *mf* *mp*

took a hand - ful of the same and I bought a slash - ing geld - ing, ——— And



he could go— and jump a five - barred gate and I bought him off Mis - ter

*mf*

Shel - don ——— So up to Lon - don I will go as

*f*

*Red.* \* *Red. simile*

fast as the wind can blow me, ——— I am res-olved on

*Red.* \*

lib-er-ty, there's none up there to con - trol me ———

*ff*

*Red.* \*





# PETER WARLOCK

## SONGS

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CAPTAIN STRATTON'S FANCY.	Words by John Masfield	...	NET 2/-
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			<i>No. 1. Compass C to F ... 2/-</i>
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- No. 1 in G minor. Compass C to D
- 2 in A minor. Compass D to E
- 3 in C minor. Compass F to G

### MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART.

Words by Sir Philip Sidney.

- No. 1 in E. Compass D to F
- 2 in G. Compass F to A

### THE TRELLIS. Words by Aldous Huxley.

- No. 1 in F. Compass A to E
- 2 in A flat. Compass C to G

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- No. 1 in E ... Compass C sharp to E
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- No. 1 in F ... Compass D to F
- 2 in A flat. Compass F to A flat

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- No. 1 in D min. Compass F to E
- 2 in E min. Compass G to F sharp

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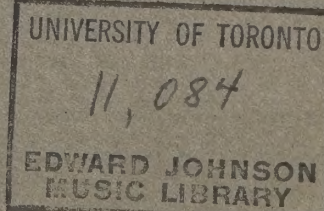
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Words by Shelley					
IS MY TEAM PLOUGHING?		No. 1	B flat	<i>E to E</i>	2/-
Words by A. E. Housman		No. 2	D flat	<i>G to G</i>	2/-
I WILL MAKE YOU BROOCHES	...		D	<i>C to F</i>	2/-
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REQUIESCAT.	Words by Oscar Wilde	No. 1	F minor	<i>C to F</i>	2/-
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ROVING IN THE DEW	...	...	E flat	<i>E to E</i>	1/-

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BREDON HILL and other songs from "A Shropshire Lad"	...	...	3/6
Words by A. E. Housman			
Bredon Hill; Oh! fair enough are sky and plain; When the lad for longing sighs; On the idle hill of Summer; With rue my heart is laden			
FOLK SONGS FROM "SUSSEX"	...	...	4/-
Yonder stands a lovely creature; A blacksmith courted me; Sowing the seeds of love; A lawyer he went out; Come, my own one; The Cuckoo; A brisk young Sailor courted me; Seventeen come Sunday; Roving in the Dew; The true Lover's Farewell; Tarry Trowsers.			

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